

Commercial Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH, EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY : : : MARCH 8.

John H. Reagan was almost the last statesman of the Confederacy. Col. John S. Mosby, who is living at Washington, and Generals Fitzhugh Lee and Wheeler, are the last distinguished soldiers who wore the gray.

Mrs. Stanford was poisoned, so the chemists and doctors say, and that fact, when certified to by the coroner's jury, will pass the case on to the police. The quest of the murderer—or murderers—promises to develop some peculiar sensations.

Rich men who can carry cases up have no reason to regret the Hawaiian Appeals clause in the Judiciary Appropriation bill. It is the man of moderate means to whom a final reference of his case to a court 5000 miles away amounts to a denial of justice.

The legislators are as strongly pledged to keep expenses down as they are to give local self-government. There is a way to fulfill both promises. Defeat the county bill so as not to increase taxes and work out the Achi scheme to make local officers elective. Then everybody will be satisfied but the grafters and no pledges have been made to them.

Wm. H. Wright having been located, the question of bringing him back for trial ought to come up. An offence such as his should not be condoned. Our treaty with Mexico names embezzlement as an extraditable crime and the Mexican government has often shown a desire to help the United States recover its runaway felons.

A St. Petersburg dispatch printed yesterday said the Japanese before Mukden had no reserves left. There may have been none in sight but the chances are that, before the battle began, the Tokio war office sent a division or two to Dalny to re-enforce Oyama and make good his losses. There are at least 150,000 regular troops in Japan, exclusive of the reserves, to draw upon; and any need Oyama may have will be readily supplied.

The battle of Mukden may turn out to be the bloodiest since the invention of gunpowder. If the report of three days ago was true, that the losses of the contending armies were 70,000, then the casualty roll of Gettysburg was exceeded by 17,000 names. And the battle has continued since with unabated fury. Of course, a great deal of exaggeration attaches to the first mortality reports of battles, but when half a million men or more grapple in deadly conflict for a period of days, men armed with the most destructive engines known to war, then the losses of life can hardly be less than stupendous.

The joint committee on loan appropriations has voted against an armory appropriation of \$50,000. This is pleasing to the taxpayers. Apart from the general consideration touching the uselessness of the militia, there is the specific one that the return of the old barracks and shed, which the United States took away from the Territory—a very probable restitution when the new military post shall have been established—will give the militia all the housing it needs. Under such circumstances it would be a waste of public money, which is needed for roads, schools and water, to build a new armory.

WHEN TWILIGHT FALLS.

Behind the shadowland of Waianae
The daylight steals adown night's
dusky halls,
And palms stand silhouetted 'gainst the
sky.
When twilight falls.

Wrought by the magic of the golden
glow,
O'er sea and shoreland silence spreads
her pall—
The peace that but the Happy Islands
know.
Unbroke, save where the strident peacocks
call.

Out steal the stars, up floats the ripe,
round moon,
Great moths go ghostly by white-blossomed
walls,
And hearts grow glad deciphering Nature's
rune.
When twilight falls.

—H. M. A.

HALEIWA.

The Haleiwa Hotel, Honolulu's famous country resort, on the line of the Oahu Railway, contains every modern improvement and affords its guests an opportunity to enjoy all amusements—golf, tennis, billiards, fresh and salt water bathing, shooting, fishing, riding and driving. Tickets, including railway fare and one full day's room and board, are sold at the Honolulu station and Trent & Company for \$5.00. For departure of trains consult time table.

On Sunday, the Haleiwa Limited, a two-hour train, leaves at 8:22 a. m.; returning, arrives in Honolulu at 10:10 p. m.

THREE DAY TOUR ROUND THE ISLAND

(Leaves from the Diary of a Tourist.)

At one o'clock we started on a three-day trip around this island. We traveled in a small Chaa-Banc, carrying fifteen people in all when full, on five seats holding three on each, but we had only twelve in all, including the driver. Oh, there was in addition to the others, Mr. Henry Macfarlane as a passenger. He went as far as his farm at Ahumahu, and very good company he was so far as he went. The conveyance was drawn by four rather small horses for the work they had to do. We started up the road to the Pali, but as I have so recently described that road with its towering, fantastic hills, I will not stay to repeat myself. Arrived at the Pali, we all dismounted and looked at the glorious panorama spread out before us. This also I have recently referred to. After having a good look around, when it was interesting to note the exclamations and admiration of those who had not been there before, while those who had called attention to the numberless points of beauty and grandeur of the scene. Fearing to be detained too long, so loath was every one to leave this historic and grand spot, the driver called us all aboard. Then we descended the face of the Pali, driving down and down, under towering rocks, from which grew numberless specimens of ferns, many of them new to most of us—now looking to our left we view the perpendicular face of the great Pali rock, and away beyond a great wall of sharply-pinnacled mountain, hundreds of feet high, shadowing the plains beneath, while as we looked over the stout wooden, but necessarily unpicturesque fence protecting the roadway, we saw our road winding away hundreds of feet below us. It seemed impossible for us ever to reach it, but we did in time. Having reached the plain, we drove on through rice and corn, but many an eye turned back to recall the view we had so much enjoyed. And in doing so we were still charmed with that great wall of rocks which now bounded the view on our left. On we went, now passing through wild, uncultivated forest land, abounding in guavas, and as we went slowly up some rising round some of us got down and gathered guavas, which we found very refreshing. I think they are a different sort to those we get from India; they are by no means so sweet, and the jelly made from them is not so sickly sweet as that from India. We pass through little villages, some native, but many, if not most, are Chinese or Japanese, whom we have seen working in the rice plots. The children, not in their Sunday best, but picturesque little animals always, with round, pathetic little faces.

Before taking a turn we took one last look at the Pali range, so attractive was it, that no one seemed disposed to part with it. But it was too big to take with us, so we bade it a sad farewell and drove on to the beauties yet to come. Arrived at Ahumahu (pronounced Ahumano), we dropped our good friend, Mr. H. Macfarlane, who had been thus far a very good guide, telling us all about everything as we went along. He has a large farm here, where he raises cattle and sends a quantity of milk, cream and eggs to Honolulu. Then we drove on past Mr. Swanzy's place to Waiholo, where Mrs. Lansing received us very kindly, and having disposed of the ladies in the house, and the men in a cottage, a good wash completed our readiness for a good dinner, that was soon placed on the tables for us, half the party dining on the lanai and the rest in the house. After dinner, a chat, a smoke and a wander in the now glorious moonlight, till we were soon ready to retire, breakfast being announced for 7:15 a. m. We slept the sleep of the just, at least, I did—that is, just as well as I could.

THE SECOND DAY.

Awaking in good time, I found my clerical friend was already out with his camera, and I followed him as soon as I could with my modest "Brownie," and tried my "pretence hand." Results later.

At 8 o'clock, "All aboard," and we were again on the road, and a pretty road, too. The house we had just left perched on a slight eminence above, looked very pretty in the morning light. But, oh, the freshness and sweetness of that morning air! Life was worth living. The hills around in the misty morning effect were sweet to look upon. The water of the bay we were now circling around, perfectly smooth and calm. Across the sea lay wonderful clouds of pearl. Rounding another headland, we are now passing around a bay liquid opal. "What's that?"—and we see two seals sporting in the water. Then an exclamation and the carriage is stopped while we had to jump out and gather coral for our lady friends. And so we go on, first admiring one thing, then another; sometimes the deep coloring of the water, in its various hues; sometimes the grand hills; sometimes the abounding delicate convolvul and other wild flowers, till we turn a little inland to water the horses, and telephone at the Hauula schools, where we are kindly received by Mrs. Rhodes, the mistress, and are interested in the children, Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, etc., and we are shown some very nice lace that the girls are learning to make. Here we see also a native sitting on the ground making poi. Pounding a large mass of taro with a kind of stone mallet, turning it about again and again like a lump of dough in the kneading, but always pounding with his stone mallet. Then on and through the Mormon settlement of Laie, traveling more and more inland, till we come to the Kahuku plantation and sugar mill. Before lunch we inspect the sugar mill and the ladies are very much disgusted at the nasty appearance of the sugar in its initial stages, but by the time they see the finished brown sugar come out of the centrifugal mills they appear to have

recovered their appreciation of the sweets of life and do not hesitate to sample the newly made sugar.

But now lunch, sent in by rail, for here is the terminus of the Oahu Railroad, from the Haleiwa Hotel, a beautiful sandwich lunch supplemented by cakes—yes, "cakes and ale" as well as bananas, oranges, etc. And having done full justice to that same, tho' our host and driver, Mr. Lewis, was by no means satisfied with the entertainment provided, which did not come up to his intentions, however well we enjoyed it, we once more mounted the carriage and proceeded on our way over somewhat rough roads, but nothing very unpleasant, sometimes along the sands at the very edge of the water, sometimes on a little higher ground, till we reached Waimea Bay, here we dismounted, and gathered shells "on the sea beach shore." We were supposed to take a short cut across the beach while Mr. Lewis took the carriage around the bay to meet us at the further horn. It might have been a short cut, but it took a long time to get across, for shell gathering is a very fascinating occupation. The shells lay in streaks by the million, and being not only beautiful but small, took a lot of gathering. And many and long and loud were the shoutings to the lingers. We remounted at length and drove along a similar sort of road, pulled up here and there by the demands of the ladies to Mr. Lewis to "Stop! stop!" There was a fine shell or a beautiful coral, and Mr. Lewis, most patient and kindest of Oahuans, stopped, while our good and nimble cleric jumped down over and over again to obtain for the fair ones, the coveted shells or coral. Meanwhile, our tongues were not silent were the only smiles on the summer sea, amusing tales and anecdotes were told and some of the funniest conundrums proposed that ever I heard. In fact from first to last we were a merry laughing crowd. There lacked the usual exception even, for there was not one unpleasant person there. Thus we drove on and at 5 p. m. we reached Waialua and were soon ensconced comfortably at the beautiful Haleiwa hotel. A bath, a stroll around and at 6:30 we sat around a very prettily decorated table, prepared especially for our party, to a very choice dinner. Then a smoke and a chat on the lanai, the brilliant moon shining above, till the ladies early retired, the moon detained some of us wandering in its sweet soft light and then to bed, sleeping as one is bound to sleep on such a trip as that.

THE THIRD DAY.

We breakfasted at 8 a. m. and started inland at 9 o'clock, thro' a pretty wooded bit of country, thro' cane and corn, there seemed a good sprinkling of population as we left then presently we began an ascent of what proved to be a hill of seven miles. Three of us men walked a good stretch and some of the ladies walked part of the way, one young lady going right ahead and out-distancing us all. Up and up the road went very gradually, so it was not fatiguing to walk, till we must have been fully a thousand feet above sea level. On looking around, the hill fell down to broad plains, with dreamy transparent hills on either side, the coloring was very fine, the roads being a bright red, intersecting the light green of the sugar cane and brighter rice, varied again with the green corn, and beyond that the sea deeply blue with its white rollers bounding towards the shore, and yet beyond resting near the horizon the lovely pearl clouds. Oh, believe me, life is worth living amid such scenes, and in such fresh warm morning air.

Now we are on the top and driving at a trot over a vast plain bounded in the distance by those great soft hills—on we go till all at once we see the sea on the other side with dear old Diamond Head in the far distance.

Now we come to Wahiawa plantations, where they grow pine apples and other fruits, then we go on to a Mrs. Rhodes at Wahiawa to lunch. On the table we find already spread some of the finest strawberries I have seen or tasted in the island, so good that we treat them at once as a hors d'œuvre but some good soup soon appears then some chicken and French beans and other vegetables followed by a most excellent light pudding, ice creams and then bananas, fresh out from the bunch, and pineapple fresh from the gardens. Here grow all manner of fruits, besides those above there were papayas, passion flower fruit, prickly pear, etc., as well as peas, tomatoes and all vegetables.

Now on and away again, still on high ground till we come to an enormous gulch, thro' which they are cutting, or have cut a new road that winds in and out and down, then taking a turn it rises up again and winds on into another and larger gulch with deep ravines, and as the road is not too wide, we trusted that we might not meet an auto and we did not. The sides of the hill that had been cut away were very interesting, the coloring was varied and in many places vivid, reminding me a little of the Mojave desert, but very striking was the apparent fossilized tree trunks that appeared from time to time in the rock, now down and down and around till we looked on Pearl Harbor, and very pretty it looked, in its full contour, with its sometimes green and sometimes rocky sides, its islands and promontories all mapped out below us. Then on and down to the highway, past Pearl City and into Honolulu after one of, if not the most enjoyable and lovely drives I have ever had, smiling scenes and smiling faces all the time and a warm welcome back at the end of it all.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

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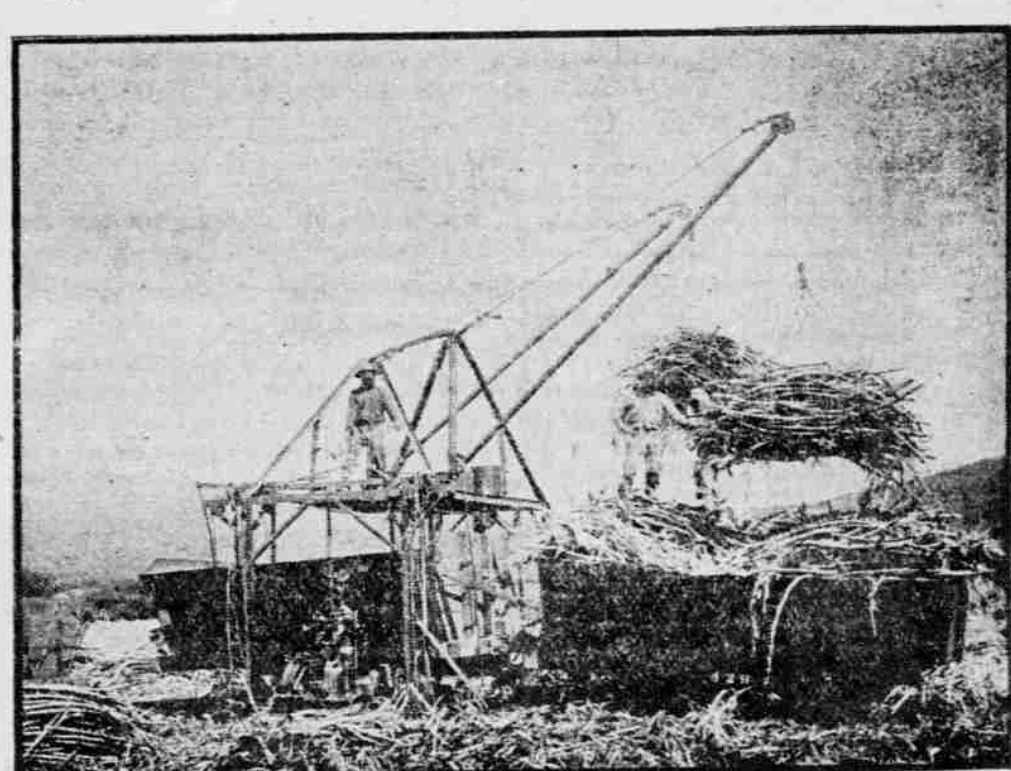
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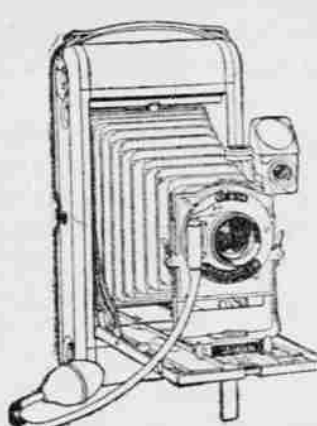
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NOTICE.

ANY WOMAN OR GIRL NEEDING help or advice, is invited to communicate, either in person or by letter, with Ensign L. Anderson, matron of the Salvation Army Woman's Industrial Home, No. 1680 King street.